

BITS  
*of*  
LIFE

—  
ANONYMOUS





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## **BITS OF LIFE**







# BITS OF LIFE

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ANONYMOUS



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TO MY  
DREAM-WIFE







## FOREWORD

THESE "Bits" are published in the hope that they will help some one in an understanding of Life.

I have frequently been told by my friends that I "analyze too much"; but I am sure it has always been a benefit to me. It has enabled me to navigate some rocky coasts, and it has brought me to some lovely gardens.

When we are unhappy there is nearly always something wrong with ourselves, although it is difficult to be sufficiently honest to realize it. As we have the power to correct anything within us, we should all be optimists.

If you have any problems, which anything in this volume can help solve, I shall be repaid for my work. It is quite different — in matter and style — from anything I have written before. If it has been helpful, send me, through the publishers, a word of encouragement.







## THAT WHICH I LOVE

I LOVE the sunrise and the long shadows of the early morning in the woods. I love the perfume of the fields while they are still wet with dew, and the perfume of honeysuckle and new mown hay at night. I love the perfume of a woman's hair.

I love flaming sunsets and the branching of trees — the thick foliage of the linden and the gauntness of the cypress.

I love people who think, and I like to wonder with them as to the reason for Us, and as to the meaning of Life.

I love courage. I love the look of quiet resolution in soldiers' eyes, and the smiles on the faces of the wounded.

I love to be alone and think in deep forests that are dim, on the seashore at moonlight, and on the mountain tops overlooking broad valleys.

I love the tender green things that push through the earth in the Spring. I love to see flowers, and trees, and puppies and people Grow.

I like music that brings me close to God and music that is sensuous. I love notes of joyousness from birds and children.



I love the quiet of old Cathedrals, the movements of dancers and the beehives of cities.

I love sound — the patter of rain, the rustling of the wind, the ringing of bells, and the whistle of the locomotive.

I love the scratching of a knife upon glass, and the glimmer of dead fish on the sands. I love the softness of moss.

I love to help people find things in life to love, and I love their appreciation of me when I have helped them. I love people who want to be helped.

I love walled gardens and I love twilight. I love desert sands and I love the mystery of rivers on dark nights.

I love gray arched bridges and women's slender ankles. I love hunger and thirst.

I love the line and grace of the human body and fine laces and jewels. I love lithe-ness. I love violets, the tender expression in woman's eyes, and red roses and red lips.

I love people who can Feel. I love storms. I love blood that turns to flame.

I love people who have faith in God, faith in love, and faith in faith:

I love green fields, the red and gold of autumn foliage, the blue sky, and a woman's white bosom.



I love to love and I love to be loved. I love to desire and I love to be desired. I love dreams and people who dare to trust their dreams.

I love to help people do and be their best.

I love to touch that which I love, and I love to be touched by that which I love.

I love snow. I love consuming fire.

I will love dying if it is because I love and because I am loved.



## THAT WHICH I HATE

I HATE satisfied stupidity and people who grouch. I hate laziness — particularly the mental variety — and self-satisfaction.

I hate suspiciousness and pimples and defective spark plugs. I hate affectations and wavering and cowardice. I hate mud.

I hate avoidable fat and insipid people, colorless flowers, and tasteless vegetables. I particularly hate turnips.

I hate people who continually hurt other people in obeying the other nine commandments. I hate snobbishness and second-hand opinions.

I hate swamps, and I hate to hear the name of love given to the love of sensation. I hate spiders — particularly human ones.

I hate women who have become hardened, and women who have no spiritual understanding. I hate people who have no ideals, and I particularly hate those who have no sentiment. I hate sentiment that is just an art and that does not come from the heart. I hate thick cups and saucers.

I hate those who cannot see the beautiful, and those who have no desire to improve themselves.



I hate people who talk for effect, and people who want to seem things rather than to be them.

I hate sore eyes, litter, and fastidiousness to the point of loss of virility.

I hate to be jostled or pushed, and I hate sarcasm meant to sting an open wound. I fear sensuousness and I hate sensuality. I particularly hate vulgarity, disloyalty and hypocrisy.

I hate dishonesty, especially the kind that takes from those that have less. I hate injustice, and especially that in people which can only see that a thing is right if it is for their own interests.

I hate slush, and I hate rose veneer with rotten wood underneath.

I hate women who have no understanding, and I hate men who can't distinguish between good and bad women. I hate unaffectionate women, and women who do not like babies.

I hate people who hate to be alone, and I hate people who have no reverence.

And now, I must admit that I never really hate people, but I do hate some qualities that some people have.



## IDEALS

**S**TREETS paved with cobble stones. Grass growing here and there. Rows of brick houses. Street cars drawn by horses. A girl of sixteen. Sunlight.

She was good to look at and was joyous. He carried her books to school. To him she was a finished picture. He saw Soul, Heart and Affection.

Three years passed. More things came into her life. Also more men. And although she was still a Canvas good to look upon, he no longer saw the same things there.

He had painted on the Canvas in his dreams and he had learned to rub away.



## THE DEMI-VIERGE

SHE was pretty and chic. She adored admiration. She observed sentiment although she never felt it.

She liked to Feel when it was safe to Feel.

She was curious, but she took no risks. She lingered on bridges, but never crossed them. She was Heady in the alcoves of a ball-room — or in a shaded lane — or at moonlight on the sands by the sea.

She beckoned, but was afraid to leave the door open. She liked to possess Things.

He thought she was Perfect when he first saw her.

Then he understood.

It nearly broke her small heart, when he left her for another.

Will there ever be a harvest for her?

It does not matter: it will mildew and spoil, or be consumed by fire.



## SAINTS AND SIN

SHE did not give her husband a great physical love; but she was domestic and never thought of another man. She had never had an impure thought.

He did not seem to appreciate her domesticity. He often preached worldliness.

She esteemed him and depended on him to lead her. Her Ideals were lowered. For a long time she ran on a wrong track, but without an accident.

She met a Man who seemed "nice and fine," and as her husband approved, she saw the Man frequently.

She did not know she was playing with fire. Did she not Love her husband? and was she not a "woman of character" — "incapable of doing wrong?"

I saw her and the Man driving in the park one evening.

She looked happy in a strong mental embrace.

She did not realize what was happening to her

But, the Man knew he had won.



## THINGS AND FRIENDS

**P**ALACE on Fifth Avenue. It had towers — so it was surely a palace. It cost four million dollars, which was a lot of money — even for Fifth Avenue.

Many men had spent a year or two of their lives working to build it for Him. Painters in Italy and Flanders had worked centuries ago on pictures to decorate it.

People came from Des Moines to look at its treasures. He was very proud of it.

He was lonely. He had many acquaintances, but few friends. He wanted many friends.

He did not understand. He was rich and wanted to be Liked.

He liked Things. People did not like Him. They liked his Things.



## SIMPLICITY

HE was a man of the world, and She was a sheltered lass. He took her hand and kissed it, and she asked him if it was right for him to do so. He asked her to take dinner with him, and she finally said she would.

He took her to a hotel restaurant. She seemed somewhat embarrassed as she had never been in a hotel before.

She had never taken wine. Her mother didn't approve of dancing.

"What is there left to do?" — he asked, when she was shocked at his attempted kiss.

"I'm afraid you are bored with me, and don't like to talk to me."

"No indeed! but what can we talk about?"

"I never had any trouble with other men."

"You build a stone wall about yourself."

"To climb over it is not the kind of work you are fitted for," — she said.



## WHEN THE LIGHT GOES OUT

**B**EFORE becoming an American Worker in Paris, she had never had a glass of Champagne; and I marvelled at her perfect poise while she consumed nearly a bottle. She seemed more keen and interested and amusing, and I was reluctant to take her home so early when she asked me to do so.

"Won't you put me to bed?" — she asked blandly when we arrived at her hotel. Then I knew that "something was wrong"; but tenderly and carefully — even affectionately, I did what she asked.

"I am lonely and homesick to-night," — she said, "and I don't want you to leave me."

I was more used to Champagne than she. I remembered that mother had told me to be always a gentleman. I remembered something about taking a penny off a dead man's eye. I knew her father. I knew she was a good girl.

I saw her the next day. "Isn't it funny?" — she said, — "I don't remember anything that happened last night after the fish; but I got into bed all right, and this morning I found I had hung my clothes carefully in the closet."

"You must be a very orderly person," said I.



## HARVEST

SHE married him because he was courteous. Besides, he gave her slight Thrills, which no one else had done before. His ambition also appealed to her.

She did not particularly want babies; they were a nuisance and would spoil her figure.

She was a slow blooming flower, and the Thrills increased as the years went by.

They were an up-to-date couple and drank stimulating drinks, danced stimulating dances, read stimulating books, and saw stimulating shows.

One night she met a man who looked at her with adoring eyes, and danced with her in an adoring fashion, so that a great sensuousness came over her.

He reminded her somewhat of a youthful ideal. He was very courteous. Drugged as she was, she thought him perfect.

She had got to love sensuousness and another Man was the most insidious of all sensuousness.

He was an altogether New Sensation. He was Forbidden Fruit.

She took the drug in increasing doses. The husband had developed a flower for another man to pluck.



## THEY CALL IT A YELLOW STREAK

POPULAR. Everyone said he was a nice boy. He had a happy smiling face and a sense of humor. He was fond of his father and mother, who made his life as easy as theirs had been. He was not dissipated and they were proud of him. Boy and parents wondered why people did things that were very wrong. Life was mostly a bed of flowers. He was not particularly lazy and worked at times because he felt like it.

A misfortune happened.

He had to work when he did not feel like it. Life was hard. A chance for easy money came along. It seemed safe.

He has lost his sense of humor.

He is not popular.

To weather adversity demands character formed by the habit of resistance.



## PERFECT BUT PREMATURE

SHE had big brown eyes that were both temperamental and intelligent. She had thoroughbred nostrils which dilated when she felt; and lips that were scarlet. Many men had Expressed Admiration for her. She had never loved.

He loved her. He was accustomed to Taking what he wanted. He expressed no admiration. He crushed her to him, and kissed the big brown eyes and the scarlet lips.

She flew into a flaming rage and sent him away, But —

She sent for him.

She demanded an apology.

He tenderly kissed the big brown eyes and scarlet lips.

She did not send him away.



## TOWN SAINTS

SHE was quite a perfect woman — full of fine instincts and fine ideals. She adored her husband even after he had grossly neglected her. She loved her child even more.

Perhaps she still loves her husband (without knowing it). She certainly would not acknowledge it even to herself, because he gave her nothing — except abuse.

The husband was a town-saint and home-devil. Everyone admired and respected him: he was always courteous, presented a dignified appearance, and seemed very domestic.

She did not make as good an impression: there is a limit to the endurance of pain and there must be occasional respite from the torture of a heart that is breaking. She did many unconventional things.

Women, who had all they wanted, criticized her.

She was better than any of them.

I know it.

I was her husband.



## SEX

WE were walking in the same direction along the boulevard. As I passed her she looked at me roguishly. She was bundled up in handsome brown furs, with eyes to match, — so I hastened not.

I suggested we go to some quiet place for tea. She found the place.

Her lover had lost all his money on the bourse; and he had notified her that she would have to go — with his other luxuries.

I told her she was pretty.

She told me I looked kind. She had a comfortable apartment which she did not want to lose.

“But how do you know you would love me?” I suggested — expectantly.

“You are a man,” — she said, “and you look as though you would be kind.”

“I am kind,” — I answered. “But how do you know I would love you?” — I asked.

“You said you thought I was pretty,” — she answered. Then conclusively: “You are a man and I am a woman.”



## LUCKY

**S**TOCKY, dark eyed, curly-haired Italian boys. Full of humor. Full of Feeling. Unthinking minds — cleaning shoes.

Years passed by. One of them an unthinking mind — cleaning shoes.

The other an unthinking mind — great, rich, fêted.

Imagination? Ambition? Persistence?

No!

Talent.



## CONTRAST

**D**RESSING room at the Theatre. Grease-pot. Rouge. Lucile gown. Applause. Fame. Riches. Flowers. Billets-doux.

Everyone said: Great future!

Never happy. Always wanting — something else.

Hospital Ward. Trained nurse. Work by day. Work by night. Gloom. Sickness. Suffering. Sorrow.

Everyone said: No future!

Always happy. Always giving.



## THRILLS

SOMEONE told him that thrills did not last long after marriage. He thought he was wiser than any man who had ever lived, because he believed it. He knew that the most stupid people in the world were those who were not married and who lived together.

He set about finding a way of preserving thrills and at the same time of making his lady-love respectable in the eyes of the world.

He had a large wedding which was announced in large type in all the newspapers.

Thinking that he was wiser than any man who had ever lived, he rented an apartment for the lady about a mile from his own.

She bought her own potatoes and he sent her flowers.

Frequently he stopped for her and took her to the theatre and opera, and sometimes they would have quiet little dinners together. She never knew him as well as his valet knew him; and he never saw her except by appointment — when she was at her best.

After many years he will sometimes rise early in the morning and walk the mile to have breakfast with her.

It has been rumored among gossiping neigh-



bors that he has been known to spend the night at her home.

This is the best plan for those who are satisfied with thrills.



## CAPITAL AND RESERVE

HE loved her. She was fine and reserved and modest and idealistic.

She loved him. He was fine and reserved and strong.

They were happy by each other's side — holding hands. She knew nothing of love excepting that she was happy when she was with him. He knew as much as the average male.

She wanted to be everything that is wonderful to him. He wanted her to love him always.

They were married with sufficient Capital and Reserve to live on happily.

They were not satisfied in spending the interest and started spending the Reserve.

Now. — even the Capital is gone.



## THE FLUTTERER

“**I** AM so sorry to be late. I have just left my cousins. They are fascinating girls, and we had such an interesting time. I am so glad to see you! Do you still love me? You know I miss you dreadfully. Helen is such a dear! What makes you so quiet? Are you cross at my being late? I am so glad to see you. It is nice just to be with you. Good-by. I promised mother to be home in time for tea to meet some friends of hers. Please ring me up soon and don't forget me.”

She left him. He was sad at heart because he could not so obviously express that which needed no words.



## WANING IDEALS

**I**NNOCENT. Sentimental. Idealistic. Even spiritual. She was twenty and knew nothing of passion.

He was married and fell in love with her in the best way in the world. He sent her lilies. She missed him when he was away. Finally her soul was given to him in a kiss. She felt passion but did not know its name.

She was unhappy and sent him away.

At twenty-two she accepted something less from one who had even less right to give.

The first had prepared The Way.



## WHAT SHE WANTED

SHE was not just his Ideal, but she was sympathetic and honest — qualities He had learned to value.

He was intense, idealistic, ambitious, and interested in everything and everybody.

He exalted her. She married him. They were happy.

She *said* he was giving her everything she wanted — from love to diamonds.

She met another man who seemed to her even more considerate and gentle than her husband. He bowled her over as easily as he would nine-pins.

“But,” — said the husband, “how can this be? This man has no sentiment; he is effeminate; he has no ideals; he has very little mental equipment; he has no ambitions; he is not competent to take care of anybody; he would have been a bank clerk or a professional dancer if he had not inherited a little money; he is without courage; and his only interest in life is in having a ‘good time.’ He stands for nothing.”

“You may think as you like,” — answered the wife, “but I think he is a ‘Dear’.”

“You can have him,” — said the husband.



“My mistake was in feeding you on burgundy and champagne. I should have given you cambric tea.”



## JEALOUSY

**H**ANDSOME. Serene. Gowned with meaning. Eyes of feeling. Full sensitive mouth. A lady. Serene. Eyes that had lighted with joy. Mouth that had known suffering — but serene.

Pretty. Serene. Gowned with a meaningless mass of dainty fluff. Complacent Eyes. A lady. Serene. Resentful of feeling — that she had not known.

How she hated the other woman!



## ADMIRATION

SHE was young and beautiful, and she had the presence of a princess. She was quite near-sighted which gave her an intent-look when she was talking to you.

Perhaps I am near-sighted because I was also very intent.

She loved another and he provided for her in the usual Paris way.

I saw her often and wondered at her brilliancy, her appreciation of beauty and her capability of feeling.

I sent her flowers daily; and I took her out for dinner, and to the opera.

I would have provided for her in a more lavish way.

We were good chums.

I *made love* to her reverently and violently.

We were still good chums.

She acted wisely.

He *loved* her.



## FEAR

SHE was English, — very young and very reserved. She was very beautiful — dark and slender. She could not help knowing it, but she took it as a matter of course.

I told her that she was full of temperament. She replied that everyone had told her that, but that everyone was wrong. She said that no man had ever thrilled her.

She had been nagged by a great many. A man ten years older than she had nagged her into marrying him. When I met her she had been married four weeks, and her husband had gone to the Front to join his regiment.

We had some jolly times together. When I became personal, she talked of cats and lampshades.

I determined she was a coward, and I left her remembering that time makes heroes of some of us.

When I met her a year later, she had been living with her husband for over six months, — and he had just been sent to Egypt.

When I left her a month later, I told her I thought she was full of temperament.



## THE WRONG DIRECTION

**D**URING many years, He had many loves. He did not understand his inconsistency and deplored it. He was sentimental, idealistic and spiritual, even though he was intense.

In each case, They had not reserved anything of soul or body. Love was soon gone, and he was looking for something finer than their love had become.

He had asked for everything and it had been given him.

The best woman in love will become what the Man wants her to be.



## HARBORS AND ROUGH SEAS

HE was taught good manners. He was sent to a school with good boys. He was allowed to read good books.

He was sheltered. He was told to grow up to be a fine man.

He was an athlete. He had a happy smile. He had learned more than most boys, and graduated with honors.

He was thrown into life among the different kinds of people who make it. He had learned nothing about them. He had not learned to accept or reject — to examine — to yield or resist.

He floundered. What became of him was important to him and his family.

It was a matter of luck.



## RIGHT CONDITIONS

HE left the dinner party at ten o'clock, determined to go home; but taxi-cabs were scarce in Paris directly after the Armistice, and he waited on the corner for a long time. He and a strange woman reached the cab at the same moment. He suggested taking her where she wanted to go, and then using it for himself, and she acquiesced.

She had been a widow for two years.

It was a beautiful moonlight night as they drove out the Champs Elysee. He forgot his determination to go home. So did she. They drove through the Bois until midnight.

They tried to find a restaurant, but they were all closed. Finally, a "sympathique" concierge ushered them into a brilliantly lighted but deserted salon, where they could have a bottle of wine and smoke.

The light hurt their eyes.



## FREAKS

SHE was of average weight, height, and had a well proportioned figure. She had fine features, brown eyes and hair, a good complexion and a nice smile.

She was neither athletic nor delicate and she had no fads. She laughed at humor and was sad with those in distress. She had a good mind and could feel keenly. She was neither high-brow, nor stupid — neither “cute,” nor old-maidenish. She was thoughtful and unselfish and cheerful.

She was joyous in the Spring, happy in the summer, buoyant in the fall, and exhilarated in the winter.

She was quite unique because she was not “different.”



## DESIRE

HE was quite Learned for a man of twenty-five. He had also been taught to Think clearly. In his own heart he knew that he was more able than others of his age.

His father had planned his Training with care, and he wondered why others were passing him in the race of life. He wondered why his Intellect had not produced results.

He married a girl of average intelligence. She had Ambition.

He is very successful.

Intellect and Learning were merely the tools.

Desire was the Driving-force.



## TECHNICAL

SHE loved him with her heart and soul. Even before she loved him with her body — she gave herself to him: because she Loved him, and wanted to make him happy.

We understand why other men would not want her.

She loved him with her body. She felt everything with him. She would not give her body. She was technically a virgin. She was altogether rotten.

We do not understand why men would want her.



## BUNKIES

**M**OST people thought I was a success as an enlisted man. Perhaps I was. I don't know. I did not like some of my associates.

One had been a sailor all his life. He had travelled all over the world, and boasted of his conquests among the fair sex of every nation. He had lived in China for some years — where, for fifteen dollars a month, he had obtained lodging, food and the twelve-year-old daughter of the family. I have been in many places, but his language was foul beyond anything that I had ever heard.

Another had been a Methodist clergyman. He spent his time singing and playing an accordion. His repertoire consisted of: "Nearer My God to Thee," "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean," and "Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue." We could never tell which song was coming next. He was versatile and varied the order.



## NEGATIVES

HIS father brought him up to lead a life of leisure. He wandered through vice, —wandered around the world, — improved his mind, — and wandered into old age; which he found bleak and desolate, excepting for a son.

The Son studied law but did not practice; he became a banker, but did not work; he went into politics, but did not succeed.

He consulted the accumulated wisdom of his father's sixty years, and the father said:

I suppose you are like me. We have never known the Great God "Must."



## GRAVITY

IN his heart he had confidence that he was going to make a success of his work. Something always seemed to be holding him back.

He was fond of people and therefore had many friends, and heard many opinions on many subjects, including the subject of his work.

"I suppose it is because I listen too much to opinion," — he said, but something still seemed to be holding him back.

"I gloat too much over sensuous beauty and see too much of women," — but something still seemed to be holding him back.

I am interested in too many things and should give up my sports," — but something still seemed to be holding him back.

"I should give up alcohol and tobacco," — but his progress did not satisfy him.

When he achieved worldly success there was still something "holding him back."

Ambition itself does not bring complete liberation. It merely enables us to cast off weights that make it impossible to climb.

If it were not for the deterrents we would float to the Heights.

There would be nothing left for us to do.



## THE TEST

HE tried to obtain his father's consent to his marriage.

He told him how wonderful She was:

That she was pretty — father had assumed it;

That she was clever — father feared it;

That she was cheerful — father was not;

That she was sympathetic — father was unmoved;

Because father understood life and people.

But when he learned that all the girl's thoughts had been as to how she could make his son happy — father took her in his arms.



## DISHONESTY

**H**E always paid his bills — sometime.

He always bought what he wanted, because he always thought he could pay for it — sometime.

He made a contribution to the Red Cross which gave him much pleasure.

His tailor could not make a contribution because he had no money, — although he hoped the philanthropist would pay that which he owed him — sometime.

People call the tailor mean, and the philanthropist honest, because he always pays his bills — sometime.



## THE SAME CONCLUSION

**H**ERBERT SPENCER scientifically demonstrated that three things make for happiness:

The enjoyment of all the bodily senses, through the proper functioning of all the organs.

The mental satisfaction of having done constructive work.

The ethical pleasure of having helped other people.

A simple old lady (who had never even read Spencer) had been happy through all her years without even asking why.

She had felt:

The joy of living.

The joy of accomplishment.

The joy of helping others.



## LOVE'S IDEALIZATION

THEY were great chums.

He came to love her madly, — therefore he idealized her.

She was only fond of him — therefore she knew him as he was. He had faults as all men have.

They were married. She developed temperamentally.

The corners got knocked off their love.

Another man came along —

He thrilled her, — therefore she idealized him.

He was a Rotter, and her husband told her so.

She did not see the Man for two years and gradually came to realize that her husband was right.

Then she saw the other Man again, and her thrills returned. How could a nice woman be thrilled by a rotter? — she asked herself.

So she thought her husband was wrong, particularly as the Man had always treated her with (adoring) respect.

Her husband showed her proofs. She said they must be fabricated.



He proved that they were not.

She said that everyone had weaknesses and that He *needed* her.



## IDLE EYES

HE had a wife — a very nice and pretty wife. He had no fault to find with her. Besides, she was responsive. But somehow, from time to time, he made various expeditions among other women. However, he always agreed afterwards, in consultation with himself, that none of them “could touch” his chosen mate.

He often wondered why he made these exploring trips. At one time he said it was “love of adventure,” at another “love of change”; and at another, “mental and physical stimulation.”

He agreed with himself, that with a wife like his, it could not be hunger, because she was not a ham sandwich, and he did not have to search for dainties away from home.

Then he got interested in some work, and his life was filled with wholesomeness. He wondered why he had lost interest in woman hunting.



## AMERICA

THE "Aristocrats" and "Philosophers" of a certain country said:

"Let's kill off the stupid and weak and make a race of supermen out of the strong, who will people and govern the earth."

So they made war and many of the strong and the brave were killed, and the maimed were left.

The so-called "chasers of the almighty dollar" of another country said:

"Every man should work."

So they toiled until old age and piled up fortune upon fortune, and gave it for Hospitals, Libraries, and Laboratories, to help the stupid and weak to become intelligent and strong.

They had not even written books upon "Philosophy."



## HAND-OUTS

ON one of the coldest nights of the winter, two old friends were sitting in front of the fireplace at the deserted country club. They were "drooling" about Life, as some people occasionally do.

"He has had a hard time."

"Yes, he has been unlucky."

"I thought you did not believe in luck," —

"I don't really; I think we are mostly Masters of our Fate, We all have good luck and bad luck — just as in the day's run after the hounds, we have low fences and high fences.

"But some fellows seem to have mostly high fences."

"And some of them are Strong and Persistent enough to get over them."

"Yes, if you have enough Desire, you generally find a way of getting over them or around them."

"I don't believe we would have the Desire without the Ability, do you?"

"Yes, I guess it's mostly the way you take your luck."

"I'm sorry for those fellows who haven't any Desire."



“Well, I haven’t much patience with those who say they have the Desire, but who won’t make any sacrifices.”



## EMOTIONAL SHALLOWS

“SHE was terrified at the idea of falling madly in love. She feels so deeply!”

“Does she?”

“Oh, yes! She must! She would not even let me talk about it. The idea completely upset her.”

“Does she always shield herself against emotion?”

“She feels so deeply!”

“How can she feel so deeply when she never allows herself to feel?”

“She is afraid to feel.”

“Then how can she feel so deeply?”



## FIRST LOVE

SHE was only fourteen, but she made him realize that somehow she was different from boys. He did not propose baseball to her; neither did he try to knock her down.

His voice was a little different when he spoke to her; and he would notice her hair and eyes — whereas he never looked at the other fellows.

When they tramped together through the woods, he would help her up the steep hills — although she didn't need his help.

He sent her a Valentine with a big red heart on it.

He did not know why he sent this only to her.

He didn't quite like it when the other fellows said: "Oh. you've got a sweetheart."



## DRUGGED

SHE was a young married woman, and as innocent as a young married woman could be. Her friends had always been carefully selected for her by her parents, and unconsciously she always assumed that people whom she would meet were decent and good. She looked with horror on bad women, whether they were found in high or low places.

Her husband, being an unconventional person, took her into "Bohemia." She was told that she had been very "provincial."

A home was not a sacred thing; marriage was only a convenience; children were accidents; and the inviolability of a woman's person was a joke. Psychic attraction and new sensations were better than shop-worn love and esteem; weird noise was better than music; and the "shimmy" took the place of things we don't talk about.

A bird of prey with his intense eyes and sensuous dancing drugged her.

Her husband says she has no character, — and yet —

He had told her she could take half a grain of opium.

She took a grain.



## THE GREAT SACRIFICE

HE enlisted. There were two women whom he knew loved him. When he was overseas he often wondered which one loved him the more.

The Brunette had not wanted him to go. She had urged him not to enlist, and had told him that she could help him evade the draft. He knew she adored him, and that she would have found excuses for him in her own heart, if he did as she asked.

The Blonde urged him to go. He knew she would be disgusted if he did not. She had told him she valued his honor more than her love.

Events have proven that:

The Brunette loved him in an intense animal and selfish way.

The Blonde loved him mildly: She was not sacrificing much.

There was Another who sent him away cheerfully, although he was All to her. He had not known she cared. He had often wondered who had sent the steamer letter containing only: "God Bless you."



## IN A CLUB SMOKER

**F**AT red face. Diamond scarf pin. Fancy shoes. White socks. Successful. Happy. Did everything he wanted. Had everything he wanted. Liked life. Liked drinks. Liked women. Liked baseball. Liked racing.

He did not know why he liked these things, but he liked them.

Sunburnt face. Clothes too big. Large black kid shoes. White socks. Successful. Happy. Did everything he wanted. Had everything he wanted. Liked life. Liked the country. Liked children. Liked stock. Liked flowers. Liked birds. Liked music.

He did not know why he liked these things, but he liked them.



## MAGNETS

SHE was unhappy at home, and wanted to be Loved. He loved her madly, and she married him.

He had a great fund of ambition, initiative, and energy, and urged her to improve herself.

She was fond of him but was mentally lazy. Did he not love her madly as she was? Was not life a bed of roses?

She met Another. The other had for her that attraction which is as mysterious as the attraction of the poles of a magnet. He thrilled her.

He could have made anything of her. She would have given her last drop of blood to have become His Ideal.

But, he did not really love her. He wanted her for a while. He has destroyed her purity, honesty, loyalty, truthfulness, pride and common decency.



## FEELING AND ENVIRONMENT

A DIRTY flat. Many dark-eyed joyless children. Gloom. A madonna face of sixteen — with large brown eyes. A lover. Sorrow. Sickness. Suffering. Hunger. Hatred.

Would she have become this great artist without these?

A modest home in the country. A modest apartment in town. A pretty face of twenty with wide open baby eyes. Charm. A mother's sheltering care. Nothing ugly. A sentimental lover, held at arm's length.

Will she ever be an artist? Will she be sincere? Will she be able to depict that which she is not capable of feeling?



## THE BLUE SKY

SHE was at Nice. I had not seen her for six months.

She engaged an apartment for me. I told her I would order luncheon served in my rooms, as soon as I arrived, and asked her to come there.

She knocked and I opened the door. We looked at each other for a moment. I put my arm around her and drew her to me.

I never could forget that kiss. She told me afterwards that she would always remember it. It was a kiss of love, of longing, of peace.

We had luncheon in my dining room which faced the sea, and which was quite high above it.

We looked at each other — we looked at the blue sky — we looked at the blue sea — we ate a little — we sighed. We were very happy.

After the luncheon had been cleared away, I put some cushions on the floor by the open French window. We sat there facing each other.

I held her hand and we looked — at the



blue sky — at the blue sea — and into each other's eyes. Hers were soft and passionate.

I moved closer to her.

The sun poured down upon us.

She was quivering.

I kissed her mouth. I kissed her face. I kissed her neck.

Suddenly, — sad music rent the air. She looked at the street and uttered a plaintive cry.

I listened. It was Chopin's Funeral March.

I looked. A funeral procession was passing by.

Tears sprang to our eyes, and ran down our cheeks.

An American soldier, wrapped in an American flag, was on his way to a lonely burial in France.



## LOST: SELF-SATISFACTION

SHE had baby eyes. He loved her ideally.  
She was lithe, voluptuous and dainty. He  
loved her passionately.

She basked contentedly in his love.

She had a luxurious home.

She basked contentedly in her home.

He ached for her.

She Felt faintly.

She was content and afraid.

He became unhappy.

She pretended to Feel.

He ceased to Feel.

She is no longer content. She is no longer  
afraid.

She is unhappy. She is suffering.

She saw the insatiable mouth of another  
woman.

She heard its moan.

She saw his rapture.

She hates him. She loves him passionately.



## PEDESTALS

HE sacrificed his own wants for Her.

He gave her a big house and motors and jewels. He gave her wonderful clothes, and took an interest in them. He took her on sentimental trips. He tried to improve her — by suggestion — not criticism.

He gave her courtesy and compliments and affection and passion. He put her on a pedestal and kissed her feet. He taught her about life, and warned her about other men. He gave her babies.

He was proud, trusting, and dignified, so he was never jealous. She could do what she wanted with her time. She could have anything she wanted.

He worked ten hours a day. She never worked or made any effort: she took charity from him all her life.

He was the typical caricatured American business man. He was one of those who loved his wife.

Therefore he spoiled her.



## LITTLE NEIGHBORS

ONE as a boy, fed the pigs in the August sun.

Carried the milk-pails over the ice.  
Gathered wood at sunrise.  
Hoed potatoes at sunset.  
From work — health.  
From sorrow — humor.  
From having nothing — desire.  
From necessity — courage.  
From routine — patience and persistence.  
Acquired facts and used them.  
A man with the joy of living.  
Accomplishment and Helpfulness.  
Happy and all who knew him — happy.

The other watched his little neighbor feed the pigs and hoe the potatoes.

From play — pleasure.  
From joy — joy.  
From having everything — satisfaction.  
From luxury — love of luxury.  
From many pleasures — impatience and fickleness.

Was taught many facts, but as they came so easily and were of no particular use to him, he has not absorbed them.



He has no imagination.

He sees no particular object in life.

He accomplishes nothing.

He is not even fundamentally honest.

He makes no one happy — not even himself.



## LIBIDO

HE was an intellectual gentleman, but a sensualist. He had a high-powered thinking mind and an insistent body. He was strong enough not to be dragged down. He was satisfied with himself in a grim sort of way.

One day something tragic happened to him (I do not know just what it was).

In a few months he seemed happier than I had ever known him before.

He never talked to me about it.

Four framed mottoes appeared on his Library Mantle:

"The Truth Has Set me Free."

"Never Accept a Substitute for the Real Thing."

"To be Carnally Minded is Death, but to be Spiritually Minded is Life and Peace."

The fourth was evidently his own: "Even if you can't live among the mountain tops, go there occasionally to obtain a clear view of what is worth while below."



## THE MENTAL BULLY

HE was a big burly fellow and gloried in his strength. Men kept out of his way. One day he was walking along the street and shoved a little fellow into the gutter.

The crowd called him a Bully and gave him a beating.

He had a little body but a big head and gloried in his brains. Other captains of industry kept out of his way. One day he tricked his employees into an agreement which was against their interests.

The crowd was not sufficiently educated to even call him a Bully.



## STANDARDS

I TOOK the only vacant seat in the train from Paris to the suburbs. I was soon having an interesting conversation with Her.

Her husband was in Belgium. She was older than I, and not very attractive.

She was entertaining in her broken English, and pointed out many things of interest. We lunched together.

On the way home she asked me where I was living.

"At the Continental," I said.

"So am I."

"Isn't that odd?"

"What is the number of your room?" — she asked.

"One hundred and forty."

"Mine is the next room," — she said, laughing merrily (and gleefully).

I went to my room. I looked at the door leading to hers.

I knew she could never understand.

She would be hurt.

I received a telegram calling me away on business.



I told her about it.

I said "au revoir" and moved to another hotel.



## MATED TO A CLOWN

I MET her when I was with a woman friend, on the Boardwalk at Atlantic City. She looked as though she would like to see me again, so I called her on the 'phone and we had a party of four together.

She was quite brilliant and beautifully gowned. We danced. I was frankly interested and so was she.

She said that it was her first "party" for a year. She enjoyed it as though it was the first party of her life.

On the following night we had another party. Her husband had arrived from the city, and we had to take him along.

He was a healthy, opinionated, stupid, spineless, lazy male.

I learned that she had taken care of her three children, made her own clothes, and had done the housework for some years.

We were all very dull.



## LILIES AND MUDDY WATER

SHE was pretty, attractive and affectionate. She had real feeling, and was capable of real things.

He gave her worldliness and passion. She sickened and left him.

Sorrow brought realization to him. He became an advancing soul, and found new heights for himself. He found no one there.

How many men "kill the thing they love?"



## DUSTY SHELVES

HE was not very strong physically, but he was ambitious to succeed. He learned the things which people told him he should know.

He had a good memory and was taught to develop it further. He became a great Storehouse of Facts.

He lost his ambition and took a position in an Information Bureau on a newspaper.

One day he read a book called "How to get Strong," and he went into a gymnasium. Merely by using his muscles, — his body became a new and healthy thing.

Then he started in to exercise his mind. He changed it from a Storehouse to a Thinking Machine. He exercised it with all kinds of Problems — of mathematics, politics, business, and science.

He began to think things out for himself. Every day his Mental Machine became more powerful, His confidence and ambition returned.

He owns the newspaper. He employs a boy with an encyclopedia to run the Information Bureau.



## THE MISER

SHE received his advances — cautiously; reciprocated his feelings — cautiously; and accepted his affection — cautiously.

He said to himself: This is a self-respecting girl, and she is the girl for me.

She loved him — cautiously — until he died.

Then she married another in as short a time as she could — cautiously.

There had been Another who responded to him impulsively. She told him to take her and do with her what he would.

He had thought her cheap, but she never married — even cautiously.



## NEVER TO KNOW

**T**WENTY. Unthoughtfully sentimental, and sentimentally thoughtful. She looked at life hopefully. She had never been on the Heights or through the Great Canyons. She had never seen the swamps.

Forty. Scarred. Fallen from the Heights. Satiated with the Valleys. Longing for a reviving flame.

He loved her and she married him.

She gave him all he taught her to give — all that he wanted.

He gave her all he had left to give.



## STRONG TIMBER

**I**T was a wonderful looking ship as it lay at anchor, but it did not seem to be able to withstand the seas. Whenever it had a bad crossing it went into dry-dock for repairs.

He lived in a monastery and led a pious life. Whenever he went out into the world, he hurried back to his lonely vigils.

It is one thing to be weak and live in calm waters; or to be *good* when alone.

It is quite another thing to be built so as to withstand the storm — to retain your Ideals in the Midst of the Crowd.



## DETERRENTS

HE was a bright boy and instinctively knew the difference between right and wrong. His answers to the problems of his early life were correct.

He was sent to school where he was taught much that he was too young to understand. He went to a sectarian church where he was taught what religion was. He learned many superstitions from his friends. He was taught Manners and as to what was Good-form.

In short, he was thoroughly "mixed up" and when any question arose for decision, he went to his friends for advice.

He lost his self-reliance, because he never trusted his own intuitions — listened to the Great Within. He was buffeted here and there and his fate became a matter of chance.

When he realized this, he cast off his deterrents, and determined to rise or fall on his own powers. He unlearned much that he had learned, and became "as a little child."

He understands now why men "without advantages" have succeeded in spite of their "handicap."



## TO-MORROW

I WANDERED out into the Paris streets after the dance. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and I determined to walk home.

I soon realized that I was lost, and as I did not meet anyone on the streets, I could not inquire my way.

I met a donkey, harnessed to a cart, and tied to a lamppost.

"What are you doing here at three A. M.?" — I asked.

"I wish I knew," — he replied. "You look sad."

"I suppose you are always sad," — I said.

"Nearly always," — he answered, "and I suppose you are nearly always happy."

"Nearly always, but what makes you think I am sad to-night?" I asked.

"You wouldn't bother talking to me if you weren't," — he answered. "You look as though you had been turned down by your best girl."

"You are perfectly correct," — I admitted.

"Well, cheer up," — said the donkey. "There are plenty of other things for you." Then he added with a choke in his voice: "I



will never even have a chance to have a best girl."

"It is daylight and to-morrow," I reflected, as I crossed the bridge across the Seine.



## QUID PRO QUO

ONE had a little money. One had a great deal.

The one with a little money had always looked forward merely to more money. The one with a great deal had always looked forward merely to a great deal more.

One entertained modestly. The other entertained lavishly.

Their aims were alike.

They had everything they wanted except high-grade friends.

They had nothing to give that high-grade people would want.

They never had high-grade friends.



## SELFISHNESS

**D**URING ten years of marriage she gave her heart to Him.

He was self-satisfied.

She was constantly making an effort to Give — to Grow.

She craved his love, his affection, his passion.

She was tolerant.

He never showed any love for her.

She loved him so much that she felt he must love her.

He was a large, fine-looking specimen.

His capacity for food and drink was greater than his capacity for love.

Finally, through spiritual, mental and physical exhaustion, her love died a lingering death.

She saw him as he was. She obtained a divorce.

She thought of her wasted life. She called it "Sacrifice" — whereas it has been a desperate and normal craving for that which she wanted.

She became sorry for herself.

Another man fell deeply in love with her.

He was sympathetic of her past unhappiness.



She accepted his sympathy and his love.  
She felt it was her due. She married him.

She thinks of her long years of misery — of  
her "Sacrifice."

She never makes an effort to Give — to  
Grow.

She is self-satisfied.

She is intolerant.

She is not a real person.



## SPENDTHRIFTS

CONCEITED like all lovers. Other people had loved but not as much as they. Other loves had died, but theirs would live forever.

It is sometimes easier to make money than to keep it. It is always easier to inherit money than to retain it. If one does not know enough to make it, one doesn't know enough to invest it.

Their love — which came so easily — was not invested. It was squandered with youthful confidence that there would always be an inexhaustible fund to draw on.

Their over-confidence was their ruin. Neither gold nor love will endure without care and sacrifice.

They claim that "life is full of illusions."



## TWO SUPPER DANCES

THE kitchen maids were washing dishes. One was eighteen. The other was twenty.

They were unhealthy looking. Their faces were sallow. Their hair was scant. Their dresses were gravy colored. Their shoes were the shoes of men.

It was almost midnight. They were tired.

There was a screen outside the pantry door.

Music from the orchestra drifted in.

Holding their aprons in their hands — they danced — laughing.

I could see them there behind the screen.

They were dancing on the same floor — to the same music — as the other dancers.

I sat alone in the splendor of the Crystal Room of the Ritz, sipping my champagne — wondering — why.



## THE ONE COMMANDMENT

HE was queer. That is, people said he was queer, and people are supposed to know.

He had gone to church three times a day when he was a boy and tried to obey all the ten commandments. He had a bad memory and when he got older, he forgot some of them.

He did not always turn the other cheek.

There were other things he did not do which people said he should have done. But,

*He never hurt anyone.*

Another queer fellow said he was the best and finest man that ever lived.



## BAUBLES

SHE had hair like fine spun gold, and large gray-blue eyes with black lashes.

She had a figure that was *fausse maigre* and tiny feet and hands.

He thought she was very lovely — quite perfect. When he talked to her she seemed absorbed and hardly spoke a word.

He fell on his knees and kissed her hand — she did not seem to mind.

He kissed her hair — she giggled and laughed.

He kissed her cheek — she giggled and laughed.

He passionately kissed her lips — she giggled and laughed.

At twenty-five:

As he lay in bed that night, he thought of the wonderful love that lay in store for him.

At thirty-five:

When he found his way to the street, he muttered, "Damn such women."



## STARVATION

HE loved his wife.

She was not very responsive.

After they had been married for six months he accidentally met his former mistress. She loved him madly.

He fled from her.

That night he took his wife in his arms. She was not very responsive.

He returned to his mistress. He deceived his wife. He was ashamed.

He thought he was worse than life.

He found his wife in the arms of another.

That made him think that life was as bad as he was.

He was just. He forgave her.

He sickened. He contracted pneumonia. His condition became critical.

His mistress lost her head. She went to his house. She told his wife of their love, and said that she must see him.

In anger his wife took her to his bedside.

He saw them together.

He was too weak to move.

"My God!" was all that he could say.

They approached closer to him.

He was dead.



## FACTS AND QUALITIES

HE graduated from college with honors.  
His marks were:

Latin .....	90
Greek .....	90
English .....	100
French .....	90
Sociology .....	100
Economics .....	100
Geology .....	90
Calculus .....	90

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Average ..... 94

After he had been in business for two months he was discharged. The marks his employer gave him were:

Concentration .....	60
Persistence .....	20
Promptness .....	70
Imagination .....	20
Logic .....	70
Ambition .....	50
Patience .....	30
Self-control .....	60
Initiative .....	10
Self-reliance .....	40

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Average ..... 43



## SLIPPING

YOUNG and what the world calls Idealistic — She was happy holding his hand. She wanted to give Him everything she had to give — although she did not know just what that was.

He knew her love to be inexperienced and spiritual and thought that it would be wonderful to teach her many things he had learned in the world.

Now — She loves love. They do not hold each other's hands or feel soul in a kiss. The love-light has gone out of their eyes. It is replaced by another look.

Sometimes they think of love's sweet young dream.

For what reason did God give us Ideals in our youth if they were not to be made real?



## UNDERSTANDING

SHE was considered to be loyal and unselfish. It doesn't matter what He was, excepting that he was fundamentally decent. He loved life and people. He loved Her most of all.

She was not sympathetic in understanding the things he liked, because they were not the things she liked. She was so sympathetic when he was depressed that she depressed him even more.

She smothered him. It was worse than standing alone.



## ON A PEDESTAL

SHE was very young, but she confessed to Him that another had been her lover. He cursed the first fellow as a blackguard. He took her for himself.

She was pretty and vivacious. They had many happy times together. She adored him.

He was kind and loving and treated her like a princess and not like a manicure.

In a few years he married. He wished her good luck, and was satisfied he had done her no harm.

She does not enjoy going out with her former friends.

They do not seem to be so kind and so loving. They treat her like a manicure.



## LOST OPPORTUNITIES

**I** WAS at Saratoga for the night on my way to the mountains. After dinner, I sat on the porch.

I watched Her all evening as she laughed and talked with her friends. I was only twenty. She was my Ideal: beautiful, intelligent and vivacious. As I look back on her now — also temperamental.

I did not meet her. I have never met anyone just like her.

At twenty one does not know that Ideals are rare. I left the next morning as I had planned.

If it had been twenty years later, I would have remained there all summer and would have found a way of meeting her.

I might have been disappointed.

I have at least Seen my Ideal.



## DEGREES

AN unthinking mind. Good food. Good clothes. No emotions but humor and sympathy. No worry. He thought he was as happy as man could be.

A thinking mind. Good food. Good clothes. Honest. Cheerful. Unselfish. Ambitious. Courageous. Full of Sentiment, Humor, Imagination, Sympathy, Love and Passion. Some Worry. He thought he was as happy as man could be.



## MOONLIGHT AND GARDENIAS

THEY took their children to Venice for a long vacation, but the husband was called home on business. He left them there with a feeling of security, because his uncle and aunt were there to look after them if anything went wrong.

Relatives are sometimes very kind: these relatives invited the wife to dinner frequently.

The first time she went, she met a Man who knew Venice very well, and who was very kind. He was at her side whenever she would allow it. His never failing courtesy and kindness and unavowed esteem made life more pleasant.

Everything about Venice appealed to her. When she stood alone at her window, and saw the moonlight over the canals, she would feel a little drugged with the beauty and mystery of it. She would long for her husband, but he was not there.

One night, the Man took her in a gondola over the canals. He sang to her in a caressing voice. She held a gardenia he had given her against her face. She breathed in its perfume. She breathed in the moonlight.



He kissed her hand. She was terribly  
stirred. Her husband was not there.

She breathed in His kisses.

Whose?



## TOGETHER

THEY were together at sunsets — at high windows looking over cities — in country lanes.

They were at the opera together, they talked a great deal together, and read together.

He kissed her hair, and held her hands, and they were sentimental together.

Though she gave her maidenhood to him — she gave not. When he realized they were *not together*, dark despair and misery filled his soul.

Out of the gloom came another with understanding in her eyes. He held her hands and she trembled. He held her close to him and she panted.

Thirstily their lips came together.



## FALLOW YEARS

A DESK. A young man. Bustle. Concentration. Artificial light. Noise. Hard work. Sometimes a holiday in the Great Outdoors. Sometimes Color and Music. He resisted the Outdoors — the color — the music — and obtained the Things he wanted.

He gave up his Desk, but after a while he became restless — wanting some Desire. But none came and he regretted he had obtained the Things he wanted so soon.

One day he realized that life can not be *filled* with Color and Music. Things did not seem so important.

In *helping others*, he found a real joy in living. *Sometimes* he enjoys a holiday in the Great Outdoors. *Sometimes* Color and Music.

The fallow years were the most precious because they brought this into his Soul.



## THE DIFFERENCE

**H**E loved her. He loved her with such a love!

He loved her so much that he was unhappy when she was not doing all she could to be the most perfect woman on earth.

He loved her so much it was pain, yet he found sweetness in the pain, and did all he could to stimulate his love.

He wanted to continue to Give, so he taught her how to keep his love.

He wanted to go away with her into the wilderness. He wanted to go into the social world and be stimulated so that he would have more to Give her.

He wanted to draw from nature, from music, and from people to Give her. He wanted her to hunt out Sources from which he could draw to Give her more.

He wanted to always feel a great hunger for her so that she would always have all that she wanted. No other woman could have even partially satisfied him: she would merely have stimulated him for her.

He was so happy in Feeling and Giving that he wanted her to Feel and Give.

He wanted her to enjoy with other people



things which they could make her appreciate better than he. He wanted to enjoy things with other people that would stimulate his "best side," and that would stimulate him for her.

He felt they were united forever in body and spirit; and he was joyful when men and women loved her, and when she was interested in them.

He thought she was his — wholly and solely, and that any experience she might have would make her hunger for him.

He was only a man; he did not understand a woman.

When she *felt* the moonlight she *wanted* the moon.



## TRAINING AND POWER

AGAINST his inclinations, he was taught arithmetic, geography and Latin. He was a brilliant lad, and could recite many things for the benefit of an assembled company.

His mind was cultivated.

The other chap was a farmer's son. He had a mother who taught him to want to Grow.

He learned his arithmetic plotting out the fields; his geography by drawing maps of their bleak country; and he knew no Latin.

He cultivated his own mind — and strengthened it.



## GOOD BROWN ALE

SHE was at the seashore. On Sundays He would come from the city to see her. He worked hard during the week and looked forward to Sundays — he could sit on the cool porch and read the newspapers.

He gave her every material thing she wanted — including good brown ale.

Every evening she and I had buoyant times together. I gave her a lot of things she wanted. I also gave her champagne — which sparkled more than good brown ale.

I loved her quite madly. She said she loved me, — because she must love someone; and she was tired of good brown ale.

You may think he was an awful fool not to have acquired a taste for champagne.

Everyone said he was an awfully good husband, because he remained in the hot city for seven nights in the week.

I was perfectly satisfied with him.



## PERSISTENT EYES

I MET a maiden at a dance. She had persistent eyes. We danced every dance together.

I had planned to leave the next morning, but the eyes haunted me. I could not sleep, and I sent her a note early the next morning stating that I would stay for another week.

The next day she promised to marry me, and we spent the week in each other's arms.

Fate separated us for three months; letters came less often; and she married another.

I saw her in a café the other night. She was as young and beautiful as ever.

She did not see me. She was looking at her third husband — with persistent eyes.



## A MODERN KNIGHT

HE was eighteen and she was twenty-five. Because he was in love with her, — he thought she was beautiful and perfect.

He was rich and she was poor. He knew she loved him because she had told him so. Had she not written that her handkerchief was wet with tears the day he left!

He asked his father for money to enable him to return to see her. Father declined.

He stole away on his bicycle on a hot summer's day — over the mountains. He grew very tired.

Someone had told him that whisky was a stimulant, so he bought some and drank it. He grew much more tired.

He had an accident on his bicycle, and was carried back to his father.

The Lady married a farmer.



## WOMEN AND DOLLS

IT has been said that the more cultivated one becomes, the more one demands — of oneself, of one's friends, of one's mate.

Some of you will concede this woman to be perfect. Others will demand more!

She was intensely in love with her husband; she had a fine mind and a real imagination; she had a great spiritual understanding; and she had a great appreciation of the beautiful in nature and in art. She had character, and heart and a cheerful disposition.

Her husband was a fine-looking specimen, — somewhat of the "stuffed-shirt" variety.

He did not seem to be very keen about her. She attributed it to lack of temperament.

There was a fluffy little doll-faced adoring blonde whom he saw frequently. He became very keen about the doll.

"But," — asked his friends, "how could he love That with such a wife?"

He understood the doll. She had *what he wanted*.



## CIRCUMSTANCES

I MET her on a railway dining car. After dinner we talked of nothing and questioned each other with our eyes.

She was rather delicate looking — with a sweet face, which glowed with sunlight, when she smiled.

When I questioned her, she only said: "I have had a hard life."

I could see she was neither hardened nor dissipated, so I ventured: "It has not harmed you."

She merely replied: "You are wrong."

Later I asked the conductor of the train who she was.

He told me.

But I knew she could have been a Woman of the Hearth.



## SUPERFICIAL

SHE was twenty-two and quaint and demure. She liked sunlight, sunsets, pale greens, bright crimsons, poetry, pictures, fine clothes, jewelry, kind hearts and little children.

She had courage, had worked hard, and had been successful. She was well poised and ambitious. She was so well poised, "her friends" told me she was cold and had no heart.

He was rich and "her friends" told him the same thing, although She told him that she loved him.

She "lied" to him about something and he ran away.

He has since learned: that She did not know she had lied — that she had wished he was not rich — that her poise was suppression of passion — and that she had a big heart which he had broken.



## TRAGEDY

I MET a pretty little Austrian girl in a café. She was only eighteen, yet she had possessed three lovers in as many months.

If anyone of them had loved her, she might have loved him in return. If anyone of them had been true to her, she would have been true to him.

She was full of love. They had made her in love with love. They had not understood her childlike simplicity.

She had no relatives in America and had made her living as a model. I persuaded her to return to her married sister in Austria and offered to buy her passage. I was embarrassed by her tears of gratitude shed so freely in a public café. I promised to meet her the next day.

One of those unavoidable accidents occurred, and I arrived too late.

I have no way of finding her.

I suppose I have made her even more cynical of men.

I suppose I have pulled her down another peg.



## LIFE BECOMES COMPLICATED

HE had a good sensible loving mistress who adored him. He fell in love with a young married woman of good family and eloped with her. This young woman's husband and mother went to the mistress and begged her to go after them and persuade them to return. They returned.

The young woman and her husband were reunited. The husband died later.

The mistress thought that the young woman — now a widow — was too attractive and dangerous for her lover to marry. She went to see his father and told him so.

Mistress and father picked out a safer wife for him.

This did not happen in America. It is a story of a more cultured land.



## UNDERCURRENTS

HIS wife's best friend was staying with them and they were having a quiet dinner at home.

"I think everyone should write an autobiography," — said the wife's best friend.

"So do I," — said the wife.

"I think you are right," — said the husband.

"I will write one leaving out no details in my life."

The wife smiled confidently.

The best friend blushed painfully.

The pretty French maid nearly dropped the tray.



## ESCAPADES

IT was a wonderful night and I often like to look back upon it. She told me her husband would be asleep at one; and that she would leave the side door open.

I left the dance only a block away, and stealthily crossed the lawn, tiptoed across the porch, and found the knob of the door.

She was inside waiting for me, and guided me by the hand through the furniture, to the sofa. We did not even dare speak.

I left by another door and crouched from bush to bush fearing a bullet in my back from the bedroom window.

As I wandered into the ballroom I had left, had no qualms of conscience.

We had merely wanted to know how it would feel to be real adventurous lovers.



## VANITY

I SENT her flowers, and she thanked me.

I called upon her often, and she didn't seem to mind.

I made love to her, and she rather seemed to like it (though she knew it wasn't real).

I fell in love with her, and told her so, but she didn't believe it. Why should she? I had lied to her before.

When she knew I was badly burnt, she introduced me to her *fiancé*, so I knew she had just wanted admiration, and I went away.

He tired of her and she tired of him. She wrote for me.

I knew she just wanted admiration. I would like to have seen her burnt, but I stayed away.



## SAVOIR FAIRE

HE was an artist, but he did not like his artistic friends. They were not sufficiently conservative — they were too “temperamental” — they had too many feelings — their faces showed their emotions.

He knew a man of the world, who was never ruffled — never worried.

He also knew a man whose misfortunes had overwhelmed desire and courage — who was called, by those without perception, “well poised.”

One of these men was incapable of emotion; the other was hardened against it.

They became his models.

He sheltered himself from feeling and smothered it when it seeped through.

He wonders why he can't make others feel.



## AN ESSENTIAL DIFFERENCE

YOUNG. Blue-gray eyes. Dark wavy hair. Good looking. With Mentality. Intensity. Ambition, but Hardened.

She was talking to the other.

Young. Blue-gray eyes. Dark wavy hair. Good looking. With Mentality, Intensity, Ambition, but Unselfish, Cheerful, and with Faith.

Both of them said good-by — wondering about the other woman's "story."

Their "stories" were the same.



## MILK SOPS

HE had studied Latin and Greek and many other things. He had collected many facts. He believed "most of the Bible" and particularly believed in the Episcopal Church.

He believed that "certain social conventions were necessary" and that every gentleman should be a patriot. He was a manufacturer and although his father had been a Democrat, he was sufficiently liberal to become a Republican.

His temper was under perfect control. He abhorred excess, and had never been known to get "squiffy" under the most provoking or exhilarating circumstances. He never became violent about either right or wrong.

In short, he was a thoroughly bad citizen.



## LONELINESS

SHE was a professional ballroom dancer. Men thought she was attractive. Women liked her — declaring she was thoroughly “nice.”

She needed new clothes and I lent her the money to buy them. She was very grateful and made a confidant of me.

She had been married and her husband had deserted her. She had lived with another man who had left her to be married. She was now (unknown to the world) living with her dancing-partner. She had no friends and no resources. She was doing so *because she was lonely*.

One night my wife and I went up in the hotel elevator with them. They were blithe and gay.

“Such a close association between them must be a temptation,” said I.

“It must be awful to be lonely,” said my wife, snuggling up to me — “to feel there is no one in the world who cares.”

Does my wife love me?



## FAMILIAR

HE was of the world. So was She.

He fell in love with her in the real old-fashioned youthful way. He had never been in love before.

He brought her flowers from his own garden.

He wrote poetry to her from his own heart.

She asked him for a loan.

He had experienced this before.

He seemed to awaken from the real old-fashioned youthful way.

She never saw him again.

She never did understand.



## KIPLING'S VAMPIRE

HE took her to the Mountain Top. Blue sky above and green valleys below. He knelt at her feet. She was happy and smiled — complacently.

He pressed her body against his — she was a little afraid. His breath came fast and he drank from her lips — she looked at him — wonderingly.

He was quite unhappy and wished that she would not always look at him — wonderingly. Time passed but she did not change. Thinking he was not the Right Man, he went on a long journey.

She married another, who was unhappy because he could not arouse “the depths of her being.” He lived in fear that some other would.

We know that there were no depths: that she *never could understand*.

But He never knew it. He cursed himself. She smiled — complacently.



## MORE VAMPIRES

SHE belonged to him — body and soul. She made him very happy because she gave him as much as he gave her. His life was full of color and song and fire. She left him for another man and he called her a Bad Woman.

He turned reverently to the Good Woman who gave him nothing but jealousy and non-understanding.

He curses himself for thinking of the Bad Woman.



## DRAWING THE LINE

HE was married and should have known it; but he often made excursions into other parking places, with a show of feeling that carried conviction. He was always taken seriously.

Sally let him kiss her, but said it was not right to do more.

Mary said it was not right for him to kiss her, but that she would see him as often as he liked — if he “behaved.”

Jane would give him all if he promised that no one would ever know.

Alice would not elope with him, because it was not fair to his children.

Maude said it was not right for her to see him unless he was willing to leave his wife and children, and obtain a divorce.

Mabel said it was right for her to give him “almost” everything, but that he must not neglect his children.

Virginia would go to the end of the earth and live with him openly before the world.

His wife did not seem to like any of these women.



## INVISIBLE FIRE

HE loved her. He did not love his wife, but he did not want to lose his children. He did not want to harm them.

She liked him immensely. She would not accept more than his friendship, because she *knew it was wrong*.

He told her it could not be wrong: that his love was a very beautiful thing; and that it would hurt no one.

She replied that no argument could change *wrong* into *right*.

She continued to see him, and they continued to discuss it.

"Do you think it is right," — she asked, as they passionately kissed each other.

"It cannot be wrong because it will not hurt anyone," he replied

"It is perfectly plain that neither he nor the co-respondent have any Character," said his wife's attorney to the judge.



## VEGETATING

THE Joneses and the Browns lived in the suburbs. Mrs. Jones went to town nearly every day and saw her friends and did a lot of interesting things.

Mrs. Brown was a homebody and never went a-gadding.

Jones thought his wife most entertaining. Brown thought his wife very stupid.

Everybody said that Mrs. Brown was the better wife, and deserved the adoration of her husband.

I feel quite a bit of sympathy for Brown. Even squash and turnips grow.



## THE HIGH-PRICED ONE

SHE gave herself for love.

Her friend gave herself for a house, motor and jewels.

The discriminating called them both — “light women.”

She — loving one man — gave herself to another for a house, motor, jewels, and a marriage certificate.

The discriminating called her — “prominent society leader engaged in many philanthropic works.”



## THE EMOTIONAL APPEAL

THE Great Scholar was recruiting for the War, and they listened attentively to all that he had to say. He explained the causes of the war; told them what they were fighting for; and urged them to do their duty and enlist.

They Thought he was right, and determined to Think it over.

The English Tommy was recruiting. He told them what he had seen of the cruelties of the Boche; he showed them his wounds; and told them he was on his way back to the Front. He asked them whether they were going to fight for their homes, or whether they were going to let the other fellow do it. He asked them to give up their personal liberty temporarily in order that they and their sons might enjoy it permanently.

They Felt he was right, — and enlisted.



## DEFINITIONS

GENIUS is the infinite capacity for taking pains," — said Smith.

"Nonsense," — said Jones. "I have taken pains all my life, and I haven't gotten anything but pain out of it. Genius is born in a man."

"You are both right," — said the Quiet One.

"How so?" — asked Smith and Jones, angry at a compromise.

"Many men have thought your way — Smith; and many men have thought your way — Jones, therefore you are both probably right."

"That's very clear," said Smith and Jones, sarcastically.

"Well it's this way," said the Quiet One.

"Genius has a born capacity for feeling, and a desire to express it. This desire gives one an infinite capacity for taking pains."

"How did you think that out?" — asked Smith.

"I didn't. I am a genius."



## MOUNTAIN TOPS

I HAD been Sipping the Honey where I could; and too much Honey is bad for anyone.

Satiety makes one's conscience very formidable, so I was feeling quite down on myself.

I had not done anyone any harm, — at least that is what the World would say if I described the Flowers and the Sipping; but my path had been far from the Mountain Tops.

I met Her! She was so real! so honest! so fine! so spiritual! I had forgotten that people were really spiritual. She took me back to my youth.

The innocence of those kisses carried me back to the Mountain Tops, and I saw how little of value there was below. I am living in the joy of purity. I have a song in my heart! and kisses on my lips! The caresses of lips against lips! The kisses here and there — on lips! The blending of lips!

I can sit and dream with the one I love — happy in a kiss!



## THE CALL

SHE was a dainty slim little thing. When you saw her in her evening gown, you knew the meaning of the word "allure."

When she was eighteen she had married a Prince. She didn't like him much, and went off to live with another man — by whom she had a child.

Her lover deserted her. Her husband died, and her mother took the child.

She was unencumbered, carefree, daring, and only twenty, when I met her.

Her eyes never rested on anything excepting another pair of interested eyes; and they met mine.

When I took her home from the dance I thought her the most lovely woman I had ever known.

When I left her apartment, I wondered why I did not want to see her again.

I would like to see her now.



## COMPENSATION

**I**NTELLIGENT. Sentimental. Ambitious for the conventional, but only moderately ambitious for things. She wanted a moderately good position in life with simple surroundings. She thought a great deal about life and a great deal about herself. She saw others having so much! and she asked for so little! She did not see just how she was to obtain what she wanted.

She thought sometimes about a Man. He would have to be quite nice — and very nice to her.

She did not think much of Giving, — so one man passed her by because she was neither beautiful nor brilliant; and many because she did not seem to Feel. Finally one thought her pretty and charming, caught the Bug, and married her.

She does not Give a great deal, but she does not think about that.

She thinks about how little she wants.

They are not very happy.

He wishes he had been immune.



## PHANTOMS

THE first night out, I was leaning over the rail of the liner's dark deck, wishing I could smoke a cigarette. Even that was forbidden, for fear it would make our presence known to a lurking submarine.

Although I could see nothing, I was conscious that someone was standing near me.

"Are you a man or a woman," — I asked, laughing.

"Only a woman," — she answered, in a voice that made me want to move closer.

"Who are you?"

"Only an old man," — I answered. "If you lend me your hand I can tell your age," — I ventured. "You are just the age I like," — I continued, as I held both of her hands in mine.

"You are young too," — she said.

"I am young enough to be put in a flutter," — I answered, "and I have no whiskers as you can tell by putting your hand on my face."

"I wonder what you look like," — she said.

"I would look very happy if I could kiss you," — I answered. "Don't you think it would be amusing?" — I added.

"I never kiss to be amused," — she answered.



So I kissed her — *really*.

She was responsive.

Then we parted.

I never saw her.

She must have been very beautiful, and yet there did not appear to be any beautiful women on the boat.

I hope she fell overboard just after I left her.



## FRENCH LESSONS AND LESSONS IN FRENCH

THERE are three types of women I like better than the other types of women I like. They are rather tall and slender. They are all lithe. One type is dark with passionate brown eyes. Another is golden haired with intense blue-gray eyes. The third has chestnut hair and fathomless violet eyes.

She was one of the three types. She was walking to her work at her bureau in Paris. When I asked her, she directed me to some place to which I imagined (under the influence of her glance) I wanted to go.

She did not speak a word of English, and I practiced French on her as we walked along together. Finally I asked her to lunch with me several days a week, in order that I might improve my conversation.

"My parents are very severe with me," — she said. "We cannot do things here as you do them in America."

"But I am very anxious for French lessons. Perhaps I could go to your home for them," I suggested. "Won't you ask your parents?"



I received a note asking me to call on a certain evening.

“Marthe” was not there, but her mother gave me a lesson.



## AFRAID

I HAVE been under shell fire and I have gone "over the top." I was often nervous, but I did not know what Fear was until afterwards.

When the war was over and I found myself alive and well, I began to look forward with certainty to seeing my wife and children again. I was careful not to contract a cold for fear that it would delay my departure for home.

Shortly before sailing I was alone in a hotel in Brest. One night I had chills and fever, and a cough and pains in my chest, and I thought I was getting pneumonia.

Was this to be the reward for my privations?

Loneliness; the futility of such an end, came over me like a pall.

I felt like a rat suffocating in a trap; I was Afraid.



## IGNORANCE

SHE was a young American girl and was given full opportunity of seeing and knowing any boy who came along. For some reason her parents — who did not know life fully themselves at forty — thought she was old enough to take care of herself.

She met a boy who after one look in her eyes, and one look at her filmy dress, “loved her at sight.”

She danced with him all evening — snuggling. His intense eyes fluttered her. When he told her he was “crazy about her,” she was thrilled and “knew she was in love.”

She had always pictured herself as loving a wonderful man. Therefore if she loved him, he must be wonderful and noble, and all that was good.

As a matter of fact, he was only a lizard, and her parents told her so.

She resented their “prejudice” and he became a hero.

The French have had centuries of experience in these matters. Can we learn something from them?



## PRECIOUS STONES

### THE PERFECT PEARL

IT matters not whether she lived in 1820; or whether she lived in Jerusalem, Cairo, Naples, New York or Des Moines.

She was what Dumas called a *Woman of the Hearth*.

She looked forward to having a home of her own with a loving husband and babies. To have children was her main instinct. She married and had several of them.

Her passion for them was stronger than hunger and thirst. To have her baby at her breast was her heaven on earth. She adored her husband as her mate and as the father of her children. There had been a psychic attraction between them as soon as they had met, and it was followed by understanding and esteem. She loved with the love of sentiment and self-sacrifice.

Another Man came along. It matters not whether he was fine or rotten, sincere or insincere. It matters not whether he spoke of love or only looked it.

She was the type in which the maternal instinct is strongest.



She was also the type that could love but one man, and she had married that man and respected him.

She pushed the second from her in horror as a loathsome serpent who might break up the Home.

#### THE UNFORTUNATE RUBY

She was like the pearl: She might have lived any time or anywhere; and although she was embarked on a career, she was also a *Woman of the Hearth*.

She met a man who she thought was her Mate, and gave up her career and was married. She loved him madly and jealously.

They never Understood and Trusted each other.

They quarreled frequently — afterwards falling in each other's arms with tears and gluttonous kisses. They loved fiercely and selfishly.

She flirted with another merely to make him jealous. He had a liaison with another woman. Love turned to Hate.

They were divorced. She married the other who was very kind to her and understood her.

Sometimes at night her blood turns to flame when she thinks of the Man she hates.



## THE DISAPPOINTED DIAMOND

She was also a *Woman of the Hearth*, but she did not seem to meet her Mate. A fine fellow fell in love with her in the good old-fashioned way. She appreciated it. She appreciated him and became his wife.

She was a perfect woman and a dutiful wife. Her children were an obsession with her. She would not leave them for a night.

He was unhappy sometimes: he did not just know why. Perhaps she was not "temperamental."

One day she met Him, and saw love in his eyes. She was not horrified; but though she was strong, she was terrified.

Her character was like a strong anchor to a windswept ship. Without hesitation — lest it be too late — she fled from him.

Her husband never knew. She was always kind and dutiful. He thought she gave him all she was capable of giving.

He would frequently observe other fellows' wives, pat himself on the back, and exclaim, "I know how to keep a woman's love."

## THE FLAWFUL OPAL

There was a fourth *Woman of the Hearth* and she married for money when she was very



young. Some say she was *forced* to do it by her parents.

She was devoted to her children. She was proud of them. She was proud of herself.

She had been sheltered by her parents. She was sheltered by her husband. She seemed to do right as a matter of course.

She had a kind heart and was very charitable. Her Charities resulted in deprivations for her husband — not for herself — but she did not realize this.

One night she met a man at dinner who filled her with electric shocks. The shocks must have injured her eyesight, because she thought he was a Dear, whereas all men knew him to be a Rotter.

She had never known temptation: she had no resistance. She subjected herself to more electric shocks which nearly blinded her.

The Dear (the Rotter) spoke of her duty to her children; she thought him Fine.

He said they must have a *liaison that would injure no one*, and she thought him Noble.



## THE WOMAN WHO DOES NOT WANT BABIES

ALTHOUGH she is a well-known type, she is hard to describe: she has so many varieties. If temperamental, she raises several kinds of hell. If she is untemperamental, she is called a coquette, and may raise other kinds of hell. If she is endowed with the average amount of temperament, she may raise something just as bad as hell (and there *are* a few things in life just as bad).

This particular one had the average temperament and met her "Affinity" or her "Mate." She seemed to be drawn to him by a higher will than her own.

She could not "understand" him, but she "adored" him. No other man had any real interest for her, because no other man could give her so much of what she wanted.

She was jealous, selfish, unsentimental, unmaternal, and undomestic. She loved him for the Thrills he gave her.

She was never quite completely happy unless she felt that she was attractive to men.

A few months after marriage, the Vibrations grew less intense.



Now, she has a Lover and simulates feeling for her husband.

If she gets "lonely" again, she will get another Man.



## THE HYBRID

**I**F I should attempt to closely classify women, I should not know just where to place Her.

She was "mad" about Him, and their engagement to be married was shortened twice by her, so that she could more quickly become his wife. She adored their son when he arrived, and it was difficult to persuade her to leave him for a few hours in the care of the old family nurse.

Another man came along, and she became "mad" about him. She would cheerfully have left her husband if it had not been for the baby. Her maternal instinct was strong.

There was a third man, and she was "disillusioned" again.

Her husband became famous.

She was very vain.

She became "mad" about him.



## LOVE

HIS presence had always thrilled her. She had always loved his body — his touch. His smile was her sunshine.

At first she was jealous. Then, she Understood: she knew he was hers — Always. She wanted him to have everything so that he would Give her more. Her heart was always crying out: I want you. She told him she loved him madly.

Her feeling became ecstatic. She noticed the birds singing in the morning. She trembled before the sunsets. She was feverish at moonlight. She wanted to make sacrifices for his happiness.

She no longer cared whether he Gave. She could not refrain from caressing him. She would not let him Give as much as she Gave. Her love was faith. Everything about him was beautiful to her. She loved with the love of beauty.

Their souls no longer stood alone. They were one.

She wanted *them* to Be, to Do, to Feel.

When he was compelled to leave her for awhile, she hoped he would not be unhappy.



She hoped that other people would partially satisfy him.

He wrote her all that he was Doing: she was thrilled by it. He wrote her all that he was Feeling: she Felt it — her blood turned to flame. She wanted him to Feel everything. She wanted to Feel all he Felt.

She Loved him. The flame of their sunsets was followed by Starlight.



## HIS PRAYER

WHEN he was a boy, he prayed to God in his own words every night.

He became a man and Reasoned.

He studied all the religions of the world.

His prayer remained the same:

"Thou Great Consciousness of which I am a part, help me to draw on Thy Great Power.

"Help me to realize that the way of life is simple: that I am fulfilling my destiny and obtaining happiness by doing what I know is right.

"Help me to make my ideals real in the midst of the crowd."



## THE LOVELIEST GARDEN

WHAT do you think of these Bits of Life?" I asked my friend.

She hesitated. Then she said:

"They are too critical — too cynical. One reading them would think you had not known the best type of women."

"Do you think my painting called 'Love' is cynical?" I asked, — "and how about 'The Perfect Pearl'?"

"But they are exceptions," — she answered, "and they are too idealistic. In your Foreword you write of 'lovely gardens.' I don't find many of them among these 'Bits.'"

"I have not described many of them: I have not found *many*. Besides, I wanted to write of things that I could criticise. I wanted to point out the rocks that lie half-hidden — waiting to wreck us.

I could write a larger volume about men.

I have loved a woman with such a love as I have described.

I always called her my Perfect Pearl.

We met at a dinner in Nice and we spent the following day motoring.

It was a day of wondrous beauty.

We left for Monte Carlo early in the morn-



ing and drove for miles along the curving rocky coast — with the Mediterranean on one side and the mountains on the other.

We had luncheon at Monte Carlo and sat for an hour in the Garden there, — with the deep-blue sky and the deep-blue sea always showing through the fresh green of the foliage.

We sat facing each other and I knew I had met Her.

We motored further — to Mentone. Then we returned along the crests of the mountains we had seen from below. One picture after another was unfolded — until I closed my eyes feeling I could not look at so much beauty in one day.

Then I would open them and look at Her. That was even harder to bear.

I knew that she was feeling all that I felt. I was waiting for an opportunity of taking her in my arms.

At one place we saw a green wooded peninsula jutting into the blue sea; at another, Monte Carlo nesting at the foot of a ravine; and at another a huge grey rock surrounded by the blue waters, with a château perched on it — looking like a toy from the distance. We could see the sea and into Italy on one



side, and valleys and snow-capped mountains on the other.

The colors were always blue, green, grey and white.

We visited some old Roman ruins, with the stone arches so decayed that vines were growing from them.

We walked over queerly paved streets and through deserted houses.

We came to a deserted Garden. Old stone walls. Ivy. Sunlight. Moss.

I did not ask her anything.

I took her in my arms.

It was the loveliest Garden I have ever known.

It was a blending of beauty and love — a blending of lips — a blending of souls — under God's blue sky."



## AFTERWORD

MANY of these studies deal with "worldly" people — with people whose ideals are not high — with people whose main interest is in material things — with people whose life is mostly of the senses. With them marriage is nearly always a failure. They become cynical, sceptical or flippant because there is something wrong within themselves.

On the other hand, sometimes high ideals are founded on a very limited knowledge of human nature. Sometimes they are founded on an exaggerated notion of our individual possibilities here on earth. If so, they may be "shattered."

Is it not better to know life as it is, — as young as we are able to understand it? Can it do us any harm to learn the truth? If we know life's material limitations, and its spiritual possibilities, will we not stand a better chance of making our own one of permanent beauty?

THE END







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